

THE
Art of getting Money

BY
Double-Fac'd WAGERS,
OR,

Cross and Pile whether *MONS* be Taken, or no?

A *DIALOGUE* Between a *Courtier*, a *Citizen*, and a
Sharper of the Town.

The *SCENE* *Jonathan's COFFE-HOUSE.*

Parturiunt MONTES Nascitur ridiculus Mus.

Court. **H**ere Sirrah—*A Dish of Tea*, and desire that
Gentleman in the *Band* to speak with me—*Oh*,
Sir, your *Servant*, (to the *Citizen*) 'faith I lately
came from the *Presence*, and 'tis said, the *Queen*
receiv'd an *Express* just now, that *Mons* was taken; Pray what
News have you in the *City*?

Citiz. *Mons* taken, *Sir*? *Ay*, so is *Venice*, *Sir*! *Lord*, you *Gentle-*
men of the t'other end of the *Town* have the strangest *Intelligence*!
why, nothing but *Pacolet's Flying Horse* could bring over the *News*
so suddenly.

Court. Why do you doubt the *Truth* of it, *Sir*?

Cit. I know no Reason I should let any *Mans Opinion* be the
Standard of my *Faith*, for—

Court. Perhaps 'tis your *Interest*, *Sir*, to disbelieve it, you have
laid some *Wagers* upon that occasion, and I must confess, the *Hopes*
of *Winning*, and the fear of *Losing*, will make any man suspend his
belief for some time.

Citiz. The *Truth* on't is, *Sir*, I am a little *dipt*, some five or six
Hundred

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Hundred Pounds to several Persons, and unless the Prince *De Bergue*, the Governour of the *Town*, sends me a Letter from his own hand, shall hardly believe the Affirmation of any *Ostender* that comes by the way of *Plimouth*. Meer Shams, Sir, meer Shams.

Court. (*Turning aside*) Well, now have I a Roguish Inclination to bite this *Opus & Usus*, and tho' I my self am a little doubtful of the matter, yet the fingring of some *City Gold*, will be more pleasant to me, than a little Estate won at the *Groom Porters*. (*Turning to him*) Well, Sir, have you a few *Dormant Guineas* in your *Closet*, you are indifferent whether you Win or Lose upon this Occasion?

Citiz. Truly, Sir, Mony was never reckon'd by me amongst things indifferent; but I have *Fifty Pounds*, I will venture to odds with any Person, that *Mons* will not be in the *French King's* Hands by the first of *May*——

Court. No more words, Sir, I am your Man, here's ten hard pieces of *Old Barbary Gold*, with the *Royal Effigies* upon them—— which said Sum shall be yours, if in a little time I do not convince you the *Town* is in the *French* hands; the Counterpart of which Obligation is, you are to give me *Fifty Guineas*, when you are undeniably convinc'd the *Town* is taken.

Citiz. With all my Heart, Sir; in Token whereof, here's my hand, Sir, and so good Luck attend me.

Enter a Sharper.

Sharp. Boy——the *Gazett*——quickly, here's such a doe with a little *Netherlandish Town*, not so big as *Ramford*, as if all *Europe* lay at stake, and the Peace of *Christendome* depended upon the Relief of that single place——(*softly to himself*) Well, Money is my aim, and if 'tis any where, 'tis in the *City*; these Grave out-of-Fashion Sparks command the Gold, and 'faith, *Good Men and True*, it shall go hard, but I'll rid you of some on't in a very civil way. So, so, I see a kind of malicious Pleasure in a Gentleman's Face yonder, discoursing with Mr. *Get-all* the Merchant, I'll go a little nearer, and observe their motions, some *Wager* going forward, my Life to a *Pepper-Corn*; (*comes up to 'em*) What News, Gentlemen, from *Flanders*? Is *Mons* taken yet?

Citizen. Sir, You ask a very hard Question, I am no *Privy-Counsellor*, Sir.

Sharp. (*Aside*) No, I dare swear it——Come here's twenty *Guineas* with any man, that *Mons* is not now under the *French* power.

Court. What odds d'ye allow, Sir, and what d'ye mean by the word *Now*?

Sharp. D'ye take one for a *7 suit*, Sir? By *Now*, I understand th.

Numerical

Numerical Hour of One in the Afternoon, *April the 11th. 1691.* And for the Wager, I am upon the square.

Court. I take you up, Sir——here's the Money; and by reason we are both Strangers to one another, we will deposit our Money in this civil Gentleman's hands, he is a substantial man, and his Word will pass where a Nobleman's Bond will signify nothing.

Sharp. With all my Heart, Sir——(*Speaking to the Citizen*) And now to you, Mr. Treasurer, I will lay the contrary Wager, that *Mons* has been in the French power ever since Tuesday the 31st. of March last.

Citiz. Why, Sir, do you lay cross Wagers?

Sharp. No matter for that, Sir, if you accept me, there's your money; for yours you are your own Cash-keeper.

Citiz. Come, Sir, 'tis done——(*strike hands.*)

Sharp. Gentlemen, there's a Sea-Captain gone down the Ally, I must needs speak with him. Your pardon, Gent. [*Exit.*]

Court. This is one of the pleasantest Sparks I ever met with; why this is like playing at Cards for nothing—However, tho he gains little he is sure to be no loser by the bargain.

Citiz. For my part, I wish no better Estate to befall me, than the Wagers laid, *pro* and *con*, about this business: Complaints are made of the want of money; when you can hardly go into any Tavern or Coffee-House, but the Guinea's are tumbling about with *Mons* is taken, and *Mons* is not taken; when upon the whole matter I cannot, with my political Spectacles, discern what mighty matter can be in it—But Interest swears all men to be true to their Principles.

Court. But if the French King pushes on his Fortune, all Flanders will be his in a little time, and then *Myn heer Van Pickleberring* look to your self; for if he goes on at this rate, he may dine in Amsterdam by Michaelmas day, for any thing I can guess.

Cit. Yes, and at Christmas in Northampton! not too fast, Sir, not too fast; the Spaniards are a People slow in Action; but we have a Prince of our own, whom I hope will stop his Progress, and make him slacken his pace a little.

Court. If your Faith be great, I wonder it does not attempt to remove Mountains; were your Charity but half as large, you would certainly go to Heaven.

Cit. So I shall, I hope, tho' I call the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

Court. A little more Civility tho', as he is a Temporal Prince, 'twould not beamiss. But, Sir, what News have you of the Bilboa Fleet, they say the French have taken it, and sunk the Man of War, who was its Convoy?

Citiz. You may as well believe, the Peke of Tenariff is sunk; no, no——Heaven be Praised, they past by Plimouth a few days since.

Court.

Courti. Why, a Master of the *Insurance Office*, offered Twenty Thousand Pound to any one, who would bear their Bank harmless; upon the first Rumours of the *Vessels* being lost.

Citiz. Had any one had the Gift of Prophecy, and taken his Money, he might have shook hands with an *Alderman*.

Courti. But, Sir, does the *News* hold good, that the *Pacquet Boat* wherein the Bishop of *L——* Dr. *Scot*, Dr. *Grove*, &c. were suppos'd to be, is still missing?

Citiz. Meer Lyes, Shams, Tricks, Amusements; well, these Inventing Lying Sons of Caterpillars, were I a Magistrate, should suffer the Law most severely, and Dance from *Algate* to *Newgate*, and from thence to *Tyburn*, to the Tune of Dr. O——tes his *Fig*.

Courti. The Truth must be confest, there are a sort of designing People, who having no business of their own, make it their Employment to invent Lyes, Stories, and Contradictions, to disturb the minds of the unthinking Vulgar——but I hope, Sir, Men of your refin'd Thoughts give no Credit to'em.

Courti. Thanks for the Complement, Sir.

Enter the Sharper in another Dress.

Sharp. Gentlemen, set your Hearts at rest, *Mons* is as certainly gone as *Luxemburgh*.

Courti. (To the Citizen) D'ye hear that, Sir, D'ye hear that?

Citiz. Why I am not Deaf. But d'ye think I credit every flying idle Report?

Sharp. Sir, I came from a Gentleman just now, who had it from the Secretary's Office, who heard my Lord —— affirm it, and I presume you Read the *Gazette* yesterday, Sir.

Citiz. Yes, but I don't believe a word on't; and to assure you I do not, give me *Ten Guineas*, Sir, and I'll enter into Bond to pay you Twenty Shillings a week, every week while you live, during the time (the supposed taken) *Mons* remains in the *French Custody*.

Sharp. (Aside.) This is what I would have. Come, Sir, there's your Money. Now I think I have bit him finely, the *French* don't use to part with their Conquests so easily; this is as good as an Annuity for Life, come, Sir, if you please we'll to the Scriveners.

Citiz. Not too hasty, Sir——well, Sir, let me see you here to morrow. (Speaking to the Courtier.)

Courtier. I'll not fail to wait on you, Sir.

Sharp. Nor I neither.

*Let Scraping Misers hoard up sordid Gains,
The best Estate is a large stock of Brains.*

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